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Memorials

OF THE REV.

HENRY ALLON, D.D.

C Allon

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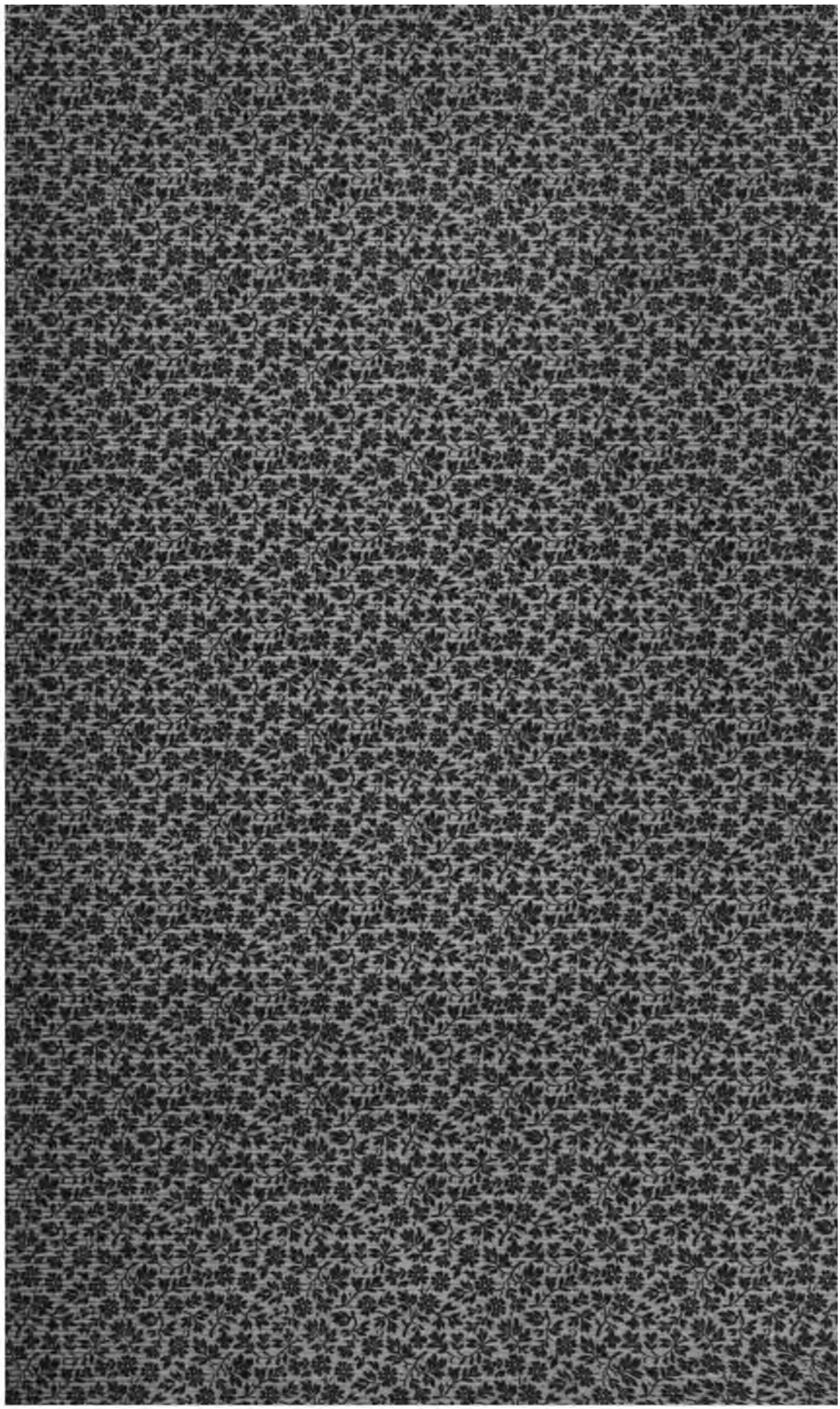


MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE REV.

HENRY ALLON, D.D.

By permission of Messrs. Martin & Sallnow, 416, Strand.

very cordially yours

Henry Allon

MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE REV.

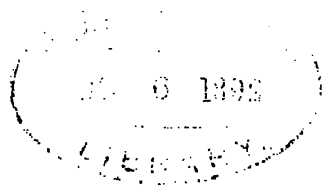
HENRY ALLON, D.D.,

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE SERVICES, SERMONS, AND ADDRESSES,
DELIVERED IN CONNECTION WITH
HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL,
APRIL 1892

London
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27, PATERNOSTER ROW
MDCCCXCII

In Gift
of
Hamilton A. Hill. Esq.



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NOTE.

This small Memorial Volume aims simply at being as exact a record as possible of the services connected with the death and funeral of DR. ALLON. *It has been thought better to attempt no alteration of words, which were, many of them, the simple expression of the deep feelings aroused by our great and sudden loss, and to follow as nearly as possible, in the descriptive passages, the best accounts of the daily journals; the record will thus enable those who were present to recall, and those who were absent to realise, the solemn services which are here described.*

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MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE

REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

I.

Sunday, April 17th, 1892.

MR. HARWOOD'S STATEMENT.

IT is right that I should formally announce to you—though it is already doubtless too well known to all here—the unspeakably sad news of the death of Dr. Allon, who for more than forty-eight years has been the honoured, loved, and faithful pastor of this Church. Peacefully and painlessly, in the quiet hours of Saturday morning, he passed into the nearer presence of Him whose Gospel he has so often preached in these walls, and whose great love in Jesus Christ was the inspiration of his life.

Last Sunday morning he preached to us from this pulpit: there is now something very pathetic in the remembrance of some of his words—how in the wilderness of great sorrows God seeks to allure us to Himself. Little did he or we think how near *this* great sorrow was, and what need we should have, in the words of his text, that "in this wilderness God should speak comfortably to us." The blow is too near and too sudden for us to realise its greatness: it is incredible. We shall look for him again and again, until at

last we shall begin to believe, indeed, that we shall see his face no more.

Dear friends, even if I could preach a sermon to-day —and I don't think I could—it would be labour in vain. We are all thinking of one thing, and of one thing only, and to me it would be an act almost of irreverence to go outside that thought in this building, which to-day becomes, in a new sense, sacred to his memory. It is better, I think,—and the Deacons concur with me,—that we should spend the services of the day in simple acts of devotion, with some affectionate and brief reference to the memory of our deeply loved brother—and Father; there will be opportunity—probably next Sunday—for fuller and more formal reference.

Our thought to-day, then, must be chiefly of the more intimate bonds which have bound this Church and congregation to him. Much will be said—in fitting places—of many aspects of his life and service, of his gifts of leadership, of his intellectual wealth and wide learning, of his catholicity and many-sided sympathies, of his greatness as a preacher, of his services to Church music: we think of him as the pastor, the friend, the man whom we loved. In many households there will be a blank as though one of its own members had been taken: he has been closely associated with all their most sacred hours. He has baptized the children; his voice has spoken the marriage prayer and blessing; he has stood beside the open grave of many loved ones whom he has now joined; many knew and loved him in their childhood who now have their own children about them. In forty-eight years of such a ministry many ties must be formed which are very hard to break—if we dare to call this breaking: there will be numberless regrets which will never find a public voice, but which will be deep and heartfelt.

In this Church, too, our loss is greater than we can by any possibility yet realise. So far as any Church is the work of man, he has gathered it, sustained it by faithful ministry and wise counsel, and inspired others with his own judgment and energy. He always spoke gratefully of the loyalty and brotherliness of the officials of this Church and the members generally, and the testimony which he bore in these walls only a few weeks ago will now be a consoling remembrance to those who have been associated with him in the administration of the affairs of this Church. I hope that Union Chapel and the name of Henry Allon will be inseparable so long as this building stands.

We have no right to enter, save by the way of prayer and sympathy, into the more private and domestic aspects of this great sorrow. Our deepest sympathy and most earnest prayers are, I am sure, for her upon whom this blow falls most heavily and for her family. May the light of Christ's own comforts fall upon the darkened household.

May I say one word of my own personal loss? After many years of reverence and affection for him, I had entered into a relationship with him which perhaps more than any other gives opportunity for the discovery of weakness or of strength. I can say, with perfect truthfulness, that I have received nothing from him but the most absolute consideration and kindness. We have been as father and son rather than as colleagues in this ministry, and I do not know how I can bear the burden of this position without him. You will, I am sure, strive to make up for the loss of his wise counsel and unfailing sympathy.

But, dear friends, great as this blow is, it is not all sorrow. This is Easter-day, and, but for this sorrow, our thoughts and song to-day would all have been of Christ's victory over death for us. We thought he would have kept Easter here

with us. Thank God for it! keeping it with the Christ whom he loved, and served. For him it is peace and gladness [illegible].

"Over the river, over the stormy sea,
[illegible]"

[illegible] sorrow as he would have us sorrow, rejoicing in the great hope in which the Christian Church is [illegible], and which should come to us with special [illegible]. "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. . . . To depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

THE PULPIT AT UNION CHAPEL ON APRIL 21, 1892.

II.

Thursday, April 21st.

ACCOUNT OF FUNERAL SERVICE.

THE remains of the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., were laid in Abney Park Cemetery, with every possible mark of affection, respect, and sorrow. The body was transferred on Sunday night from his home in Canonbury to Union Chapel, where it was received by Mr. Harwood and the Deacons, and a brief service was held. There it remained until the day of the funeral, enclosed in a panelled oak coffin with brass mountings, the memorial plate bearing this simple inscription :—

HENRY ALLON, D.D.

BORN OCTOBER 13TH, 1818;

DIED APRIL 16TH, 1892.

Resting on a bier in front of the daïs, the coffin was almost hidden by flowers sent by relatives, colleagues, and friends; while the platform behind and even the step of the daïs were covered by masses of the same beautiful tributes, sent not only by individuals, but by such bodies as the Deacons, the Choir, the Sunday School, and the Branch Churches. During the morning a continuous stream of people had passed through the chapel—eager to look upon

the coffin which contained the body of a dear friend and a beloved pastor.

The first part of the funeral service took place in Union Chapel. It was announced to begin at half-past two, but long before that time hundreds of people surrounded the doors in Upper Street waiting to be admitted. Meanwhile, however, the members of the congregation and persons specially invited had entered the building by side doors; and almost immediately upon the main doors being opened, the chapel, which is nominally seated for about two thousand, became crowded by a congregation of more than three thousand people. The crowd outside, notwithstanding, continued to increase, until it was estimated that not less than ten thousand persons were gathered in the open spaces about the front of the chapel. The demeanour of the crowd showed that they were drawn together by a common desire to show sympathy and respect. The congregation within the chapel was perhaps one of the most representative Nonconformist gatherings ever brought together, and included also not a few respected clergymen and members of the Church of England. The central space of the area was filled with ministers and delegates from various churches and public bodies, whose names are given below; and to the left of the pulpit were seated the family and a large number of personal friends; the Deacons of the Church, whose relationship with Dr. Allon had been much more than merely official, occupied the seat immediately in front of the coffin.

The service was opened by the Rev. W. H. Harwood, who read two or three appropriate passages of Scripture and offered prayer. The well-known hymn, "The sands of time are sinking," was then sung, and Mr. Harwood made the following statement:—

I desire, in two or three sentences only, to express, on behalf of the Church and Congregation worshipping here, our profound sense of the great loss which has befallen us: we have lost not simply the pastor of this Church, but a friend, one whom we had greatly loved and trusted. He has been, for nearly fifty years, the wise teacher and faithful pastor of this Church; but, more than that, the strong tenderness and deep sympathy which we have found in him have made us mourn for him as for a loved one of our own household. We give hearty thanks to God for this beautiful life and perfected ministry; they have not ceased, but will go on: there in a higher knowledge and fuller service; here in many an inspiration which will come from his memory. He will still be with us, and it shall be a sacred charge with many of us to continue his ministry in the many ways which he himself had planned or would desire.

The last sentences of the last sermon he preached from this pulpit have now a sad and yet a glorious significance: he had surely caught a glimpse of the rest and joy which were so near. The words were these: "So our joyful souls shall forget our sorrows, and shall sing over spiritual foes destroyed and spiritual emancipation wrought; sing the new song which He hath put into our mouth, sing the Song of Moses the servant of God and the Song of the Lamb. And this is to be our song as we stand upon the sea of glass and before the Redeemer's throne—a Song of Triumph over conquered evil, over evil lust and passions which now more or less enslave and corrupt us, but from the last vestige of which we shall then be wholly free."

Appropriate lessons were then read by Mr. Harwood and the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, President of the Wesleyan Conference; and the Principal of Cheshunt College (Rev. Dr. Reynolds) gave an address as follows:—

Brothers and sisters in a crushing sorrow, fellow-sufferers from an irreparable loss. Awed and heart-struck we have gathered round this silent but loved form, but we have already found that we are under the shadow of the Cross of Christ, where Death has lost his sting. We find ourselves touching the very steps of the throne of our Elder Brother, "who liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore." The Lord and Giver of Life now speaks to each one of us the Divine Word: "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

We have not assembled to tell the story of our brother's life, nor to draw even the outline of his surprising and beautiful pastorate. We will not venture to estimate his noble character or manifold personality. We are not attempting here and now to enumerate his titles to our reverence, or to recite the great things he did for the Master whom he loved so well. At this moment I have neither power nor words to do other than give expression to our love and our humble hope.

"Our love!"—The Heavenly Father knows the depth and the tenderness of that love, but it was nevertheless hidden to some extent from our dear friend. He never quite comprehended how much we revered and loved him. Occasional demonstrations here, at the College, and elsewhere, took him by surprise. He never seemed to think they were meant for him; and the almost childlike, incredulous smile broke through the tears that disconcerted him on such occasions. We did love him, and now that "he has outsoared the shadow of our night" into the perfect life, we love him still.

Have we not reason? Did any of us wish for a truer friend or for a wiser counsellor? In deep sorrow was not the clasp of his hand and his strong sympathy as much as

human grace could do for us? Have we not reason for our love? To many of you, and to hundreds and thousands who have pressed on before him, he opened the door into the invisible, he gave the right hand of fellowship into these mysteries of the kingdom of God. He taught you to understand the meaning of the cross and passion of the Son of God, and to see the glory of the Eternal Father in the face of Jesus Christ. He assigned you work in the Church. He saved some of you from utter doubt. He stood shoulder to shoulder with you when you were weak in faith. He comforted you in bereavements and losses, and often and again led you away from and out of yourselves by larger views of God and His Christ, of His work and His Spirit.

Many of the highest visions of God are incommunicable; but others can be conveyed, and our beloved friend had the grace to make us understand what he had seen, felt, and handled of the word of life. We love him for his vision of the Almighty, and for the sympathy with our dimmer powers which enabled us to believe profoundly in *his* experience of the spiritual and Divine, and so to pass on with him into the Holy Place. All kinds of personal links united us to him. He lies there in his last bed with more secrets confided to his loyal breast than to any father confessor. His fidelity to his friends, his love of justice, his chivalry, his numberless acts of love to his brethren, to his people, and to those who had no shadow of claim upon his boundless generosity, compelled and inspired our affection.

We love him for his courage and for the consummate ability with which he contended for and expounded the faith once for all delivered to the saints. How loyally he stood by the Cross of Christ and declared that *there* was the ground of forgiveness, there the power of the endless life!

How bravely he maintained the spiritual structure of the Church of Christ! Those who differed widely from him in both respects honoured him more than almost any of our leaders. He, moreover, so blended art with spirit in the worship of the sanctuary that he inaugurated a new departure of consummate value, which will survive not only himself, but even the noble church which witnessed its earliest and greatest triumph. The College where he took his earliest inspiration and made his first mark is charged with his memories and his gifts, and with tokens of his inexhaustible interest. Before he left its walls, nearly fifty years ago, his tutor wrote: "We have one man here who, if life and strength be granted, will soon outreach and overtop us all." Cheshunt deeply reverences and loves. And this is what we all feel.

But there is an inner circle here, with whose grief we cannot intermeddle, nor in this service will we venture to intrude upon it. Our own Lord Jesus—who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and who wept because He saw *this* procession to the grave as well as all the rest—our Lord and Brother, do Thou comfort them! Commonplaces of consolation cannot reach them. Christ's love can and will. In the darkest of these shadows they will find the companionship of the Man of Sorrows, and hear the supernatural cry, "Thy will be done!" So we rise from our knees with hope. Under the deepest pall there is a heavenly light. Our Lord has made the grave the battle-field of His greatest victory, and we lay our beloved on that field of triumph.

Hope and peace spring up within us unbidden because of the beauty, the poetic completeness, the felicitous close of Henry Allon's pastorate. Only a month ago, at a beautiful and now never-to-be-forgotten service, the venerable Paul handed his sword and his blessing to Timothy. Notwithstanding the pathos of the words and tones, we all

hoped that years of unbroken fellowship awaited them both; but without fear he has passed homewards, and now *all* the memory of his splendid career from first to last has become our dear younger brother's heritage. In its full-orbed beauty and completeness it will be an inspiration for us all.

There is a great hope in this too. His departure from us is not like the falling crash of a great tree to whose support we had clung fondly while the birds of the air sang in the branches, but it is rather like the reaping of a noble shock of corn fully ripe. The Reaper of this golden grain is not DEATH, but our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who had need of these ripe ears. We must be willing in the day of our Lord's great power. We dare not grudge this noble worker and soldier of the faith to the armies of heaven. He has long been preparing for the perfect service, for the joy of the Lord. Now he has entered upon it, with all the deep humility of his nature, with all the brightness of a hope no longer deferred, amid the reverence and love of all the Churches of Christ.

Such a departure is a new argument, if we needed one, for the reality and fulness of the perfect life on which we are certain he must have entered; so we sing while we weep, we blend our sighs with hopes, until they break into hosannas. We cannot define nor oracularly reveal all we hold; but in the light which breaks through the deep shadow we know that our hope is full of immortality.

Brothers and sisters in a great sorrow, pardon my saying that no one beyond his own family has had more reasons than myself for loving him, trusting him, grieving over the immeasurable blank which his departure has made. Therefore let me encourage you, if I can, to confidently anticipate the persistence of his influence, the fruit of his labour, the echo and long reverberation of the music of his life, the

continuous reaping of the fields which he has sown, the prosperity of the institutions which he served so well, the peace of his Church, the holy consolations of his beloved home, and that in all these ways God will be glorified.

Is it not reasonable to hope that this last appearance of the loved pastor in the Church that his enthusiastic love to Christ did so much to rear may convince some one in this vast crowd of the truth and reality of that to which our friend's pastorate has been one long testimony? Or that some one may receive the falling mantle for a prophetic ministry as noble, wonderful, and complete as that which terminates with this service?

"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin," was sung after this address, and the Rev. Dr. Dykes then offered prayer.

The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., then delivered a touching extempore address, in which he paid a warm tribute of affection to the memory of his almost life-long friend. The following were the chief points of his address :—

Notwithstanding the joy which they must feel in their brother's victory, and in the remembrance of what he was and had accomplished, it was, he said, both impossible and undesirable that their feelings should be any but those of deepest sympathy and sincerest sorrow. They rejoiced in the noble life which had been so beautifully ended, for the work that remained, and would remain, as evidence of what God had enabled him to accomplish; but the more they thought of all these things, the keener and deeper was their sense of personal love and personal bereavement. Mr. Rogers next referred to his long friendship of more than forty-three years with Dr. Allon, and bore testimony to his intense lovableness, the true grandeur of his character, and his deep sympathy. Very few men had a more intense

affectionateness of nature. It was impossible, at least for him (Mr. Rogers), to attempt any impartial criticism of his character—intense love rendered it impossible. Dr. Allon was a broad, large-hearted, catholic-minded Christian. He loved his own principles, but he was also capable of understanding the strength that there was in other systems, and of honouring those who adhered to them. No one was more willing to respond to the calls made upon him, and not by his own denomination only. If he had spared himself, he might still have been amongst them; but the last thought with Dr. Allon was the thought of sparing himself. His theological position was that of the broader Evangelical. No man was more evangelic in his spirit and in the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, or more intent upon the conversion of souls. This made him so strong in his Congregationalism. They loved him also because of his willingness to hear what was to be said on the other side, and for his generous interpretation of the mistakes and errors into which he might think others had been betrayed. All his strength, governed and guided by a warm and generous heart, made him a mighty power, not in our own churches only, but in the churches everywhere. Mr. Rogers confirmed what Dr. Reynolds had said about Dr. Allon's inability to understand that the demonstrations of his brethren's affection, of which he was often the subject, were meant for him, and illustrated this by a reference to what occurred at Southport at the meetings of the Congregational Union, when the Chairman happened to say that it was Dr. Allon's birthday, and a scene took place which would not be easily forgotten. Union Chapel without Dr. Allon was so strange a conception that it would be long before they were able to realise it. There were many noble institutions in connection with the Church, but he

had always felt that the greatest institution of the whole was the pastor: for, as a pastor, Dr. Allon was singularly wise, tender and thoughtful—doing everything with such tact and wisdom, that unity was preserved during this long series of years; and showing what a wise pastor, guide, and leader of a united Church could accomplish. Next, Mr. Rogers expressed warm wishes for the welfare, happiness, and prosperity of Dr. Allon's successor, and sought to inspire courage and hope by reminding us that whilst pastors, friends, and helpers passed away, Jesus Christ remained the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The address was listened to with the deepest interest, and many in the congregation were much affected by certain passages.

The hymn "For ever with the Lord" having been sung, the Rev. Prebendary Calthrop gave the Benediction, and the coffin was borne from the chapel, the organist, Mr. Fountain Meen, playing the "Dead March." At the door, amid the reverent silence and the uncovered heads of the multitude, it was placed in a glass hearse, leading a great procession, there being mourning coaches and a very large number of private carriages. The route followed was St. Paul's Road, Highbury Grove, Highbury New Park, Paradise Road, Church Street, Stoke Newington, and Kingsland Road, a distance of between two and three miles. It was five o'clock when the procession reached Abney Park Cemetery, instead of four, as had been announced; but so mild and bright was the day, and so strong and general the desire to show respect to the memory of the deceased minister, that an immense crowd waited without diminishing till the cortége arrived. The grave is near the Church Street gate. Hitherto it had contained only the body of a son of Dr. Allon, one who died thirty years ago at the age of three. Close at hand is the cenotaph to Dr. Isaac Watts.

A little farther away are the tombs of the Rev. Alex. Raleigh, Rev. Dr. Binney, Rev. Paxton Hood, Rev. Dr. N. Rogers, Rev. Dr. A. Fletcher, Rev. Dr. Liefchild, Rev. Jno. Richards, Rev. Dr. Hannay, Sir Charles Reed, and Mr. Henry Richard, M.P. A space enclosed by ropes was reserved round the grave for the relatives and friends. The grave was lined with evergreens and carpeted at the bottom with flowers, while beside it lay a mass of flowers from the Church, brought specially in an omnibus, which they had filled. The service was very brief, almost everything having taken place at the Chapel. The Rev. Dr. Booth, secretary of the Baptist Union, the Rev. W. H. Harwood, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert officiated in turns from a position which dominated everything. There was no address, and a few minutes after the opening words of the first prayer the crowd who had pressed so densely round the enclosure melted away, leaving others to come in to look into the still open grave.

PRESENT AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF THE LATE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., UNION CHAPEL, APRIL 21ST, 1892.

Members of Dr. Allon's Family:—

MR. ERSKINE ALLON } Sons.
MR. NORMAN ALLON }
MR. WILLIAM THACKRAY, Junr. } Sons-in-law.
MR. ARTHUR MELLOR BRAMALL }
ALLON MELLOR BRAMALL, Grandson.
MR. HENRY GOODMAN, J.P. } Brothers-in-law.
MR ALBERT GOODMAN
MR. C. P. TEBBUTT, J.P.

DR. R. N. GOODMAN
MR. JOSEPH GOODMAN
MR. ARNOLD TEBBUTT
MR. CHARLES TEBBUTT
MR. LOUIS TEBBUTT
} Nephews.

The following ladies were present at the Service, but not at the Cemetery:—

MRS. ALLON.
MRS. WILLIAM THACKRAY, Junr.
MISS ALLON
MISS MAUD ALLON
MRS. A. M. BRAMALL
} Daughters.

MRS. HENRY GOODMAN
MRS. ALBERT GOODMAN
} Sisters-in-law.

MISS ETHEL GOODMAN
MISS ROSE GOODMAN
MISS ALICE TEBBUTT
} Nieces.

REV. W. H. HARWOOD.
DR. JAMES G. GLOVER.
MR. W. T. BOLTON
MR. RICHARD STONE
MR. HENRY LEE, J.P.
MR. J. TIDMARSH
MR. C. B. BROOKE
MR. J. B. M. BRAMALL
MR. S. J. GLOVER
MR. J. E. VINEY
MR. J. H. LEONARD
MR. J. J. GRIFFITHS, J.P.
MR. J. W. STANDERWICK
MR. H. L. HUGHES
} Deacons.

MR. R. ALLINSON
MR. T. CHATTERTON
MR. G. B. FILE
} Missionaries Branch Churches.

Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich.
Rev. Prebendary Gordon Calthrop.
Rev. Canon Benham.
Rev. S. D. Stubbs, Vicar of Pentonville.
Rev. W. J. Chapman, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Highbury.

Rev. Principal Dykes, D.D.
Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D.
Rev. William Ballantyne
Rev. William Dale
Mr. Hugh M. Matheson
Mr. Robert Wales
} Presbyterian.

Rev. T. B. Stephenson, LL.D. (President), Wesleyan.

Rev. John Clifford, M.A., D.D.
Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D. (Secretary of the Union)
} Baptist.

Rev. Robert Berry
Rev. F. E. J. Bird
Rev. William Bolton, M.A.
Rev. J. S. Bright, D.D.
Rev. P. Husband Davies
Rev. W. H. Edwards
Rev. James Ellis
Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.
Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A.
Rev. F. A. Jones
Rev. Samuel Newth, M.A., D.D.
Rev. John Nunn
Rev. William Pierce
Rev. J. Stoughton, D.D.
Rev. Edward White
Rev. W. Whittley
Rev. J. De K. Williams
Rev. S. T. Williams
Rev. C. Wilson, M.A.
} Congregational.

Rev. H. R. Reynolds, D.D.
Rev. O. C. Whitehouse, M.A.
Prof. Todhunter, M.A.
Mr. Samuel Smith, Treasurer
} Cheshunt College.

Rev. R. Lovett, M.A. } Secretaries
Rev. W. M. Lennox }
Rev. W. A. Essery
Rev. Alex. Sandison
} Cheshunt College.

Mr. William List, J.P.
Mr. James Brown
Mr. Evan Spicer
Rev. H. E. Bottomley
} Cheshunt College Related Trusts.

Rev. R. Vaughan Pryce, M.A., LL.B.
Rev. Dr. Kennedy
Rev. W. Farrer, LL.B.
Rev. G. D. Macgregor
Rev. J. T. Glazier
} New College.

Rev. Alfred Cave, B.A., D.D., Hackney College.

Rev. John Brown, D.D.
Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A.
Rev. W. J. Woods, B.A.
Mr. William Holborn
Mr. Albert Spicer, J.P.
} Congregational Union of England and Wales.

Rev. A. Rowland, LL.B., B.A. } London Congregational Union.
Rev. Andrew Mearns }

Rev. H. Storer Toms { London Congregational Union (North District).

Rev. P. J. Turquand } Congregational Fund Board.
Mr. Thomas Scrutton }

Rev. R. T. Verrall, B.A. { Congregational Pastors' Retiring Fund.

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Rev. J. T. Wigner, Mr. J. B. Mead } Book Fund and "Treasury."
Rev. Henry Simon, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Berdoe, Mr. Wright, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Crowther, Mr. Dick } Harecourt Chapel.
Mr. Robert Sinclair, Highbury Quadrant Chapel.
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Mr. E. Griffiths { Northern Technical and Recreative Institute.
Mr. Wheatley, Highbury Institute.
Mr. B. L. Cohen. Mr. Edward Smith.

MR. BROOKS.	MR. KEMP WELSH.
MR. JOHN GLOVER, J.P.	MR. W. H. WILLIAMS.
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III.

Sunday, April 24th.

MORNING (DR. DALE'S SERMON).

"They watch in behalf of your souls as they that shall give account."
HEB. xiii. 17.

THE shadow of Death lies heavy on the heart of this congregation. Christ has revealed a great and eternal glory beyond the grave, and even this morning you have rejoiced in the glory with exulting songs; but the revelation has increased rather than lessened our sensitiveness to the mystery and awe of Death itself. It is the common lot. Through generation after generation and in all lands it has exercised the speculations of men as well as alarmed their fears, broken their hearts, and desolated their homes; but familiarity has not soothed the agitation with which we regard it, or made it less mysterious. A man was with us yesterday—our neighbour, our friend, one of our nearest kindred; standing on the common earth, breathing the common air, spending his thought and strength on some common mechanical trade, his mind worn with the small anxieties and vexations of some obscure business; he shared his troubles with us and his joys; all that he felt and all that he knew he could tell us; and now he is altogether beyond our reach. He is living under other skies; he finds repose and strength and joy in eternal things; the great secret has been disclosed to him; but

the conditions of his new life are unknown to us, nor is it possible for him to satisfy our craving to know them.

The solemnity and impressiveness of Death are deepened when it is sudden and unexpected, or when it terminates the activity of great powers which have been employed in great services rendered to man and God. Of the suddenness of the calamity which has fallen upon us I do not care to say anything in this place. Let us rather dwell upon it in solitary thought, asking anxiously whether if Death came as suddenly and unexpectedly to ourselves we should be ready to meet it. But of the great work, prolonged through so many years, which has now been brought to a close, of the circumstances and conditions under which the work was done, and of the power which the work illustrated—intellectual power, power of faith, power of affection, power of character—of these it is necessary to speak this morning.

I.

They watch in behalf of your souls as they that shall give account. In these words the unknown writer of this Epistle describes the work of the leaders, the pastors, the bishops of the Christian Church in every country and throughout all time. Other men render the race other forms of service—service necessary for the support and ease and delight of the physical life; or they may enrich the intellect of the race with new and precious discoveries of the laws of the material universe, or with splendid creations of art; or they may be the defence of the security and independence of their country in times of war; or they may strengthen the foundations of law and add new guarantees to national freedom and prosperity in times of peace: but the leaders and pastors of the Church—*they* have other duties. It is for them to watch in behalf of the souls of their people.

This is their definite and distinctive trust. And they are to discharge it as men who at last must give account to Christ of their fidelity.

The metaphor is one common in the writings of the ancient prophets, and would recall to the Jewish readers of the Epistle many passages in their sacred books. A city is threatened by wandering tribes, or by the armies of a more formidable enemy. The watchmen stand on the walls day and night to give instant alarm on the first approach of the foe. On their constant vigilance and keenness of eye depends the safety of the city. If they sleep, or if they are unable to discern at a distance the signs that the enemy is coming, or if they are easily deceived and mistake foes for friends, the city may be suddenly surprised and lost. In the evil times of the Jewish state, when the leaders of the people cared nothing for justice or mercy or for the true service of God, and condoned the crimes of the people instead of denouncing them, a great prophet said, "His watchmen are blind; they are all without knowledge; they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark"—that is, to give warning that the enemy is near—"dreaming, lying down, loving to slumber." And there have been dreary times in the history of the Christian Church when its ministers have been equally ineffective, equally indolent, equally faithless, and when, as the result of their ignorance and unfaithfulness, a great part of Christendom has been laid waste by superstition or by unbelief, by selfishness, by covetousness, by lust, by hypocrisy, by falsehoods concerning God and man which destroyed the very substance of the Christian Gospel. The ministers of the Church had ceased to watch in behalf of the souls of their people.

The conditions under which this work has to be done are greatly varied, and therefore its methods must be greatly

varied. For example, how great a contrast there is between the position of the minister of a congregation like this and that of a minister living in a Devonshire or Worcestershire village, with a single street and four or five hundred inhabitants, who preaches on a fine Sunday to a congregation of eighty or a hundred people, drawn in part from the cottages in the village and in part from the surrounding hamlets and farms! The work of both is in substance the same, and must have the same infinite issues; but how different must be their methods of labour!

It may seem, indeed, as if in a church and congregation like this, with numbers so large and scattered over this vast city, it is impossible for the minister to be, in any true sense of the word, a pastor, and to watch in behalf of the souls of his people. But this impression rests on a false conception of pastoral work—or, at least, on a conception which is much too narrow. Indeed, I think that it rests in part on a rather careless misinterpretation of passages like that which I have selected as a description of a pastor's duty. For there are many persons who seem to suppose that such passages require the minister to watch the *people*; but what the writer of this Epistle says is that he is to watch—is to be always wakeful and vigilant—*on behalf* of the people, which is quite another matter.

I do not underestimate the great value of that intimate knowledge of the thought and life of every member of his congregation which is possible to a pastor in a village or a small country town. He knows them so well that he watches the development of individual character, and can check with timely warning and wise counsel tendencies to grave vice or religious indifference. He may be able to assist them privately in discovering a solution of moral and spiritual difficulties which it would not occur to

him to discuss in public. He can give to each of them separately guidance and aid in the formation of religious belief. In a congregation so small that the details of every man's conduct are almost certain to come to the knowledge of the minister, unwillingness to give the minister pain or the fear of provoking his displeasure and remonstrance may be a check to careless and indolent moral habits and a defence and support to high Christian purposes. But it is foreign to our traditional conception of the true discipline of Christian perfection for the spiritual life to be subjected to the perpetual ascendency and control of the ministers of the Church. We prefer a manly freedom. We reject the claims of the priest; we also dispense with the authority of the spiritual director. It is better that the individual soul should be largely left alone with Christ and with the Spirit of Christ. The mutual watchfulness of the members of the Church is indeed an admirable aid to Christian joy and an admirable protection to Christian righteousness; for in this mutual watchfulness there is something given as well as something received; the freedom of the Christian soul in Christ is unimpaired; it is exempt from the evils which are almost certain to accompany too constant and too close a control of the individual life of his people by the minister.

In a congregation like this such control was not possible. If Dr. Allon had written nothing, had never preached for other churches, had not spent more than two hours a day in his study, and had given all the rest of his time to visitation, he could not have seen and talked with every one of you more than a very few times in the course of a year. It was often, indeed, a surprise to me, at a time when the membership of the Church was already very large, that he knew so many of you, knew some of you so well, and knew so much about many more with whom he could seldom have any

personal intercourse. It was a surprise to me that he was able, under the constant pressure of multifarious engagements, to see the sick members of the Church so often and to find out so promptly those who were in trouble. From the beginning of his ministry till he had long passed middle life, he had large and successful Bible Classes, and in these he exercised what might be called a pastoral superintendence over young people. To the very end you know with what a warmth of cordiality he received you when you sought his counsel, and how patiently he dealt with your difficulties.

But, after all, it was in the pulpit that he discharged the greater part of his pastoral duty. He watched in behalf of your souls, knowing that he would have to give account of his trust; and it was here that he endeavoured under God to save you from sin and from eternal death, and to give you fortitude and endurance in the great endeavour to make sure of glory, honour, and immortality.

He watched in behalf of those of you who have not yet consented to receive the Christian redemption and to acknowledge Christ as your Saviour and your Lord. He saw the perils which menace you—perils which you cannot see—and tried to rescue you from them: the peril of regarding sin with indifference, as though it were nothing more than a part of the necessary development of the moral life of man instead of a grave violation of the Divine order and the proof of a deeply rooted resistance to the Divine authority; the peril of a growing insensibility to the attraction and charm of the Christian Gospel, and an increasing absorption in the pleasures and pursuits of this transitory world; the peril of that gradual limitation of your moral freedom and that gradual diminution of your very capacity for receiving the Divine grace which must result from the formation of the settled habits of a life persistently withdrawn from the control

of the Divine righteousness and love. These perils he saw. They filled him with apprehension for you. He recurred again and again to those great truths which he thought likely to awaken your conscience and to move your heart.

He saw the perils which menace those of you who have already made the supreme choice and who already know something of the power and glory of the Christian redemption. He considered by what statements and illustrations of the contents of the Christian Gospel he could save you from those perils; could maintain the fainting strength of your faith in God, re-kindle the sinking fires of your love for Christ, renew and augment your joy in your eternal redemption. He watched in behalf of your souls; and his preaching was determined by the moral dangers to which the various descriptions of persons in this congregation are exposed—the perils of poverty and of wealth, the perils of a lonely and cheerless life, the perils of a life of excitement and pleasure, the greater perils of business; and he endeavoured not only to protect you from falling into grave sins, but to maintain and to raise your moral ideals of life. He thought and thought much of the isolation of the young men and women who have always formed so large a proportion of this congregation—young men and women who have come from the villages and country towns of England and Scotland and Wales to seek their fortunes in this great city. He knew their dangers, and endeavoured to give robustness to their determination to stand fast in their integrity and in their loyalty to Christ.

He watched the strong currents of contemporary thought, and considered how they were likely to affect for good or for evil the foundations of your religious faith, your intellectual conception of Christian truth, your moral habits, the temper of your religious life; and, in the interest of your perfection,

he spoke to you in this place about great poets and famous philosophers and scientific discoverers. He discussed the doubts and difficulties of our time which have an injurious influence on the faith and conduct of Christian men.

He watched in behalf of your souls. He saw that if you cared only to save yourselves you would not be saved; that the imitation of Christ requires you to instruct the ignorant, to pity and relieve the miserable, to seek and to save the lost. He therefore urged you to found noble forms of Christian usefulness, and appealed to you to consecrate personal service as well as money to their maintenance. He was not content with urging you to care for the neglected and the sinful who are within your immediate reach; he saw that the compassion of the Church should reach as far as the mercy of God and the sacrifice of Christ, and called upon you to demonstrate your faith in the love of God for all mankind by large and generous gifts for the support of Christian missions throughout the world.

He watched in behalf of your souls. His mind travelled far, ranged over many and varied provinces of literature, and was keenly interested in many lines of speculation. He had free and constant intercourse with eminent men whose religious beliefs were very different from his own, and with some who had passed into "sunless seas of doubt." But he cared supremely for your salvation; and from his reading and his intercourse with scientific men, with men of letters and with politicians, he was constantly drawing materials which he used in this pulpit to give security and strength to your religious faith and a larger and more gracious development to your moral character.

This was his work for nearly fifty years. When he stood in this pulpit it was not merely to interest, to charm, or even to instruct you. To him the work of the preacher had

most august dignity, the most awful seriousness. It was related to the infinite mystery of the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the Son of God, and to the Judgment Seat, at which preacher and hearer alike must give account of themselves to God. That during all the years of his ministry his vigilance never relaxed, that mortal weakness, the successes, the sorrows, the intellectual excitements of his life, never made his vision of eternal things dim and uncertain, he himself would have been the last to declare. He would have served you far less faithfully if his ideal of faithfulness had not transcended achievement. But I am sure of this—and I think I knew his very heart—that his greatest work, his work as your pastor, held the greatest place in his thought and life; and if I am to give in fewest words a just account of what he was and what he did, I find it here—*he watched in behalf of your souls.* He has now gone to give account of his work to Christ. You, in your turn, will have to give account of how you have profited by it.

II.

When this Epistle was written the work of the leaders and pastors of the Hebrew Churches was carried on under conditions of exceptional difficulty. They had to defend and confirm the faith of large numbers of Christian men who were in danger of drifting away from Christ and surrendering the great hope of the Gospel. For a long time after the crucifixion and ascension of our Lord a large majority of the Jews who acknowledged Him as the Christ for whom through so many centuries their fathers had been waiting, retained the great body of their national beliefs and national customs. They worshipped in the temple. They kept the Jewish festivals. They believed in the permanent authority of their ancient law. They still hoped for the restoration of

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were really mysterious symbols which must have been almost unintelligible while it was a religious obligation to celebrate them, and which did not receive their interpretation, or their partial interpretation, till their authority had passed away. They asked whether isolated texts in the New Testament were sufficient to constitute the proof of a Christian doctrine, or whether we should not rather rely on the general substance of the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles. Questions of a still more searching kind were raised:—What is the real nature of Inspiration? What are its limits? Does it relate only to the religious substance of the books written by inspired men, or also to their form? If only to their substance, how much must be included in their form?—only the *words*, or the whole intellectual and literary conception in which the substance is expressed?

In the earliest years of his ministry Dr. Allon had to confront the relentless criticism to which Strauss subjected the four Gospels, and to consider what strength there was in the argument that, instead of containing the story of Christ as told by the men who listened to His teaching and saw His miracles, they preserve an unhistorical and mythical conception of our Lord which was created by the enthusiasm, the devotion, and impassioned imagination of the second and third generations of His disciples. This was succeeded by the still more formidable theory—supported by infinite ingenuity and great learning—that the larger part of the documents of the New Testament were written in the course of the second century, in the interest of conflicting tendencies in the Christian Church or to promote their reconciliation. Then came the great discussion concerning the origin of all the books contained in the first half of the Old Testament.

To give a fresh impulse to the intellectual revolution of our times there came new and brilliant scientific theories on

the history of the material universe and the emergence and development of the highest forms of life from the lowest—theories which enforced a revision of previous conceptions of the Divine method of creation and of the present relations of the Eternal to the work of His hands.

These immense controversies, originating in the speculations and researches of scholars and of eminent scientific discoverers, and carried on at first in university lecture rooms and in books written for the learned, soon began to disturb the thoughts and to alarm the fears of ordinary Christian people. The results of modern scholarship—the final results, as they were often described, though they had to submit to frequent revision—and the definite conclusions of modern science found their way through a thousand channels to the popular mind, and it was declared that they were wholly and irreconcilably inconsistent with Christian faith.

It was impossible for a congregation like this to be unaffected by this vast and imposing intellectual movement; and year after year as it seemed to become more and more formidable your late pastor had to take account of it while he "watched in behalf of your souls." You know what courage, what open-mindedness, what candour, what firmness, what wisdom he showed through all this confused and distracting time. He never, as far as I remember, gave way even for a moment to the wild and irrational panic which more than once or twice took possession of large numbers of Christian people. And this was not because he himself had not felt the weight of the difficulties which have pressed so heavily on the traditional Evangelical Creed; for the storm broke upon him, as it broke upon other cultivated ministers of his generation, before it reached you. He was revising and amending his own definitions of Christian doctrine, reconstructing his own theory of Divine

revelation and of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures in which the revelation is recorded, examining the foundations of his own conception of the relations of God to the universe, while he was defending and confirming your faith. I wonder how many of you appreciated the tremendous difficulty of his position. It may be hardly possible for all of you to appreciate it fully: but if, through God's grace, he has saved you from losing the infinite hopes of the Gospel, if you still find consolation and strength in the Divine love and peace of conscience in Christ, the propitiation for the sin of the world, if you are living in the power of the life and Spirit of Christ, and can see beyond the dark and stormy clouds which hang over our mortal years the eternal glory of the home of the saints with God, give thanks this morning for the noble and wise fidelity with which your pastor *watched in behalf of your souls*.

Questions of another and very different kind disturbed and confused the mind of this Church and of other churches during his prolonged pastorate—questions concerning the validity of the Evangelical ideal of the Christian life, concerning modes of worship, and concerning the relations of the Christian faith to literature, to art, to politics, and to the structure of society. Without claiming for him the impossible distinction of having discovered a final solution of any of these questions—for they are not of a nature to admit of a final solution—it may be said that he dealt with them in the strength of an inborn sagacity. He was not driven and tossed by every wind and wave of popular feeling. Nor did he peremptorily determine the serious practical difficulties which are involved in some of them by the authority of a rigid theory or by an unintelligent appeal to the authority of Christian experience as expressed in Christian tradition. It is impossible for me to illustrate the measured judgment

with which he was accustomed to treat subjects of this order, but his success in dealing with one of them was too conspicuous to be passed over.

He set himself to consider the true place of what, for want of a better word, I must call religious sentiment in the Christian life and in Christian worship, and the function of art in exciting and expressing it. The Puritan tradition, which had its roots in a fierce resentment against the unreality of what was supposed to be religious emotion, but which was nothing more than natural sentiment created by stately buildings, by pictures, by imposing services, insisted on the sternest and barest simplicity in Divine worship. It regarded with a wholesome dread whatever devout emotion was not excited by the immediate vision of God and by the revelation of His awful righteousness and His infinite love. As it refused the aid of art in the awakening of religious feeling, it also refused the aid of art in its expression.

But Dr. Allon saw that in its dread of unreality Puritanism had almost suppressed one of the most gracious elements in the life of man. He believed with Luther that noble music is the natural ally of noble feeling. He began cautiously. He felt his way. He discovered by experience the defects of his earlier attempts at reform. And the result has been that what he achieved in this congregation has added to the solemnity and joy of the worship of the vast majority of the Nonconformist congregations of England. In this work, too, he was watching *in behalf of your souls* and endeavouring to make the service of God your delight.

III.

To attempt this morning, while our great sorrow is still fresh, any complete analysis of the varied powers which enabled Dr. Allon to discharge with such efficiency such

great duties, and through so many years, or to give any adequate account of the various elements which contributed to his energetic personality, is impossible. All that I can do is to tell you briefly what kind of a man he seemed to be to one who knew and loved him well.

He had sound health and physical vigour; for many years he never knew what illness was; and he had that delight in labour and those buoyant spirits which are among the most felicitous endowments of a man who is charged with heavy responsibilities and whose life is spent in constant toil. At one time he appeared to me incapable of weariness. The fibre of his intellect was firm and strong. He was always eager, alert, and keen. He was like an ancient Greek, and cared to know things, and to know all sorts of things, for the sake of knowing them. His interest was active in all kinds of literature, and there was no narrowness in his intellectual sympathies; excellence of every kind filled him with admiration and delight.

His mind was literary in its strongest and most characteristic tendencies rather than speculative; he was never mastered, I think, by the imperial fascination of that great movement of philosophic thought which extends from Kant to Hegel. But while he craved for no vast and comprehensive theory which attempted to resolve into unity the antithesis of the Infinite and the finite, he was always demanding of himself a reasonable account of his own beliefs. Within the range of his speculation he was impatient of confusion, incoherence, disorder; his intellectual method was rationalistic rather than mystical. And yet, while he had his own definite beliefs and his own intellectual method, he had affinities with widely contrasted schools of religious thought. He was strongly attracted by James Martineau; he was also strongly attracted by John Henry Newman.

He was a man of strong affections and of deep emotion. There was passion in him; but, especially in his more elaborate sermons, it was largely suppressed. It was different in the discourses which were of a more pastoral character: in these his emotion was allowed to show itself freely; in these he moved your heart as well as instructed your intellect. But in discussing great subjects on great occasions his powerful understanding seemed to resent the disturbing power of passion. It was there; you felt its warmth; and yet it was only rarely allowed to set his thoughts on fire; it showed itself in the increased strenuousness of his purely intellectual activity. It was transmuted into intellectual energy.

But when the intellectual strain was not upon him there was not only warmth but flame. He was ardent in his love for his friends. His sympathy was as tender as a woman's. His emotion was sometimes uncontrollable, and I have seen it break out into tears. He was large and generous in his thoughts of men. His admiration for those whom he honoured was boundless. His delight in the successes of other men was one of the largest elements of his own happiness.

The regal element of his religious life was the tenderness and strength of his personal devotion to our Lord. I recall times when we were sitting together in his study, and when our talk, moving quietly and without excitement from subject to subject, drew near to Christ; and then I can remember the change that passed upon him: how he kindled; how sometimes his joy became radiant; how at others his voice broke with emotion while he spoke of the greatness of Christ's love; how at other times there burst forth exclamations of victorious faith in the Son of God who had become Son of man and was the Saviour of the world.

That was the ultimate secret of his power. Through all the confusions and uncertainties of his time his faith in Christ never faltered; with growing years his devotion to Christ deepened, and in Christ's service he found constantly increasing delight. And so it was, as a minister of Christ, loving Christ with a vehement love, that he *watched in behalf of your souls as one that would have to give account.*

And now his earthly ministry is closed. His great trust, after he had fulfilled it for nearly fifty years, has passed to another, whose heart must be oppressed this morning by the awful weight of his responsibilities. For on his fidelity depends, under God, the vigour of your religious life, the measure in which henceforth you will realise the Christian law of conduct, and the energy with which you will maintain your institutions for lessening the misery, the ignorance, and the sin of the world. You will entreat God to give him light and strength and courage. You will remember that every great life has its own laws and its own ways of serving mankind and God. The ministry which lies behind us cannot in the forms and manifestations of its power be repeated; only in its spirit and its aims can it be renewed and prolonged. The new man working in a new time must work by new methods. Trust him; think much of the difficulties of his task. Be generous in your appreciation of his success. Let your affection and your hearty co-operation sustain him. When he is ready to faint, give him courage by the strength of your own confidence in God. Maintain for him and for yourselves an unfaltering faith in Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In generation after generation, pastors, teachers, and saintly men pass away, but Christ remains—Christ, the eternal strength of the Church—Christ, its eternal glory.

EVENING (MR. HARWOOD'S ADDRESS).

THE service of this morning was our formal and public testimony to the goodness and great usefulness of the life of Dr. Allon. The utterances of Thursday last, and the wise, brotherly, and generous tribute of this morning, seem to me so complete, that it would be an impertinence upon my part to attempt to preach anything like a formal memorial sermon. At the same time I have found it impossible to prepare, and you, I think, on this day would not wish to hear, an address upon any subject separate from that which still engrosses all our thought. I cannot do better than ask you to think for a little while of the simpler and homelier aspects of the sad experience through which we have passed. The public press, the voices of public men—chief of all, the voices of his tried and loved friends of many years—have spoken of many sides of his character and service. I, after this too brief period in which I have had the great joy and honour of working by his side in this ministry, can only in very few plain words speak as to the bereaved congregation, the family of this Christian Church. Let us try to think of it as those who are alone with God. We cannot find, I think, a better centre for our thoughts—I will not call it a text—than the words which are so constantly associated with losses such as this, but which, in the memory of great and good lives, are so full of hope and of consolation: "They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

This wonderful book of the Apocalypse, whatever may be its exact place and history, is a series of exalted visions of

the great world of moral and spiritual reality which is beneath the surface of this life of ours. The great facts of human responsibility, of retribution, of the ultimate triumph of Faith and Righteousness, however bitterly opposed—all these are set forth in startling pictures. But the richest passages of the book are those which speak of hope and consolation in the face of death and amidst thoughts of the hereafter. What imagination so dull as not to catch something of the glow and promise of these eternal visions of nightless, painless, tearless day! What life so free from sorrow as not to feel some touch of the comfort of hope from these sublime utterances of faith! Not the poorest of these utterances is that of the voice from heaven from which the writer caught these words of promise for the hereafter —rest and the eternity of goodness. "They rest from their labours"—the weariness, the limitation, the despair of their toils is past. "Their works follow with them"—are about them as a halo, a history, a character. Rest is not here necessarily indolence, abstention from labour, though there may be lives to whom for awhile the only heaven would be rest, absolute and literal. To others again such rest would seem unworthy. Freedom from anxiety, from wearing care, from the meanness and littleness of their own lower nature, is all they would ask. They could not call that heaven which would be a mere passive existence. We are speaking of things far off, but of this we may be sure, that rest will to all have its fullest and divinest meanings. All that a God can do to speak comfort to the weary soul, to give new youthful vigour to the tired life, to bring back again into higher and nobler exercise the aspirations of long ago, will be done. In our present condition of life there is so little that is restful in our work: we so soon grow weary, our bodily and mental vigour tire, we are so conscious of our own weakness. But

let the spirit of eternal youth be breathed into all our powers for work; let our love for God shake off all its limitations, and become free and whole-hearted; let the powers of life be delivered from their littleness and evil,—and then would not all service be as an eternal rest? Dear friends, starting from our great Christian faith in the goodness of God, is it an unreasonable conclusion to think of those whose life here has been full of labours, not ceasing their activities, but in new directions and with new powers serving still the God whom they love, while heart and mind are still at rest in God's perfect peace? He of whom we think so much to-day is at rest, but in that rest will there not be all that is needful to the perfect expression of all that he now desires to be to God—and, dare we not say it—to us? Let us comfort one another with these words.

"Their works follow with them": the redeemed man stands before God with all his history about him. If you will think of what it involves, there is something wonderfully beautiful in this faith—*their works follow with them.* It answers to this thought, which is surely in all of us—that if we have received good from any man, we should like to stand forth and testify to the good. In matters of this life only, if your friend, who has greatly served you, passes to a new sphere, is it not a joy to bear witness there to the good which you have received at his hand? There is, I think, such an ambition as to the great unseen life. Do not think the thought merely fanciful: I confess that there are those of whom I should like to stand up one day and bear witness "he did me this good or that." "This was a faithful, compassionate mother": "this was a wise, self-sacrificing father": "this was a faithful pastor: this friend toiled and thought and prayed for me." One would like to give such testimony. Well, is not the spirit of the text's meaning *that such testi-*

mony is actually given? "*Their works follow with them*": the labours of the past are not simply a volume, now sealed and closed; they live still in character, in the fuller, freer life. The truth of this is on every page of our daily experience: the good that we do becomes part of ourselves. We grow rich in the very kind of which we give most freely. The man of generous deeds becomes more generous; the deed of self-sacrifice gives greater power for service. This is Christ's method with us; these fruits of His great redemptive work abide with us and are about us: our new song will be of praise and thanksgiving for the great good in which we have been allowed to bear a part. Is it not a great outlet for our gratitude to God for the good that we have received at the hand of those who have passed away, to think that *it is all known*? We cannot express it, but we sometimes wish we could have just a few minutes only to tell them all that they have been to us. But surely the faith of the text is that it is known: every noble impulse received, every life led into higher ways, every act of compassion or helpfulness, will somehow follow with him and add to his service and joy there. We may reverently apply this principle to our memory of the departed pastor and again comfort one another with these words.

We may, I think, go even further, and take another law of this life and believe it to be true of the life beyond—that their works follow with them in added power for usefulness. Can you, for a moment, think of any life the beauty of which here has been in its service to men and to God, and then think of its heaven as being a ceasing from service? Shall the strong will or the tender heart or the wide compassion cease? shall the yearning over human sin and sorrow be lost in the ease of forgetfulness? is the fruit, the proof, the glory of our faith and love here to be in

service and there in indolence? May we not ask, as the poet makes one of his heroines ask—though we may not accept all that he means—

"Shall I be nearer Christ, she said,
By pitying less
The sinful living or woful dead
In their helplessness?
Should I be liker Christ, were I
To love no more
The loved who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?
Should I be liker, nearer Him,
Forgetting this,
Singing all day with the Seraphim
In selfish bliss?"

We can but answer, No. They rest, but they labour still. Is it not a joy, a strength, an inspiration to us to believe that he who has been here the leader and helper of so many, has only taken his place in a greater service than here was possible? Granted an immortality at all, can any thought be more rational or beautiful than that they serve still, and in larger ministries, who have died in the Lord? With these words let us comfort one another.

Then, in the sense in which the words are commonly taken—though not perhaps the correct interpretation—their works follow them here upon earth, their ministry is continued through many generations. Who that knows anything of the strange, far off sources of our life's actions but will declare that the constant testimony of our experience is that goodness cannot die, that we have no measurements by which we discover the last effect of a good deed or of a devoted life? You cannot fling away from you a good deed and say that it has perished. A true life builds to

itself countless monuments, which shall abide continually in

> "Minds made better by their presence;
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self."

We have need of the larger, stronger faith which will help us to believe that the works of a good man's life abide long after him. You have wandered among the ruins of an old abbey. Every part of it has seemed to be a memorial of past piety: its quiet cloisters for thought and prayer, its magnificent church for public worship, its provision for hospitality and for ministry to the poor. Walking to and fro in the stillness of a summer's evening, you have been able in imagination to rebuild the abbey and see it again lively with all its pious and beneficent activities. But if we had power to see all the faces at work in human history, we should find that even after all the centuries those activities have not ceased, that monuments even more abiding than these solid blocks of stone shall exist in many lives and characters. Would not the spiritual forces which any great religious leader would set in motion outlast any mere material monument to his memory? When did a good life spend itself? More precious than any heirloom, the power of a good life is handed down the centuries, and one generation praises the work of God to another. It has been said, and said with perfect truth and justice, that this building is Dr. Allon's monument. Dear friends, in more beautiful and more lasting ways shall his memory be preserved: in the lives of those whom he has taught in the love and knowledge of God, and whose influence shall descend upon their children's children; in men who shall live a purer life and fight a braver fight and leave a more inspiring memory because of his ministry; in the service of

those whom he first attracted to the Gospel of Christ, and who now themselves are ministers of that same Gospel; in thousands whom he has led to consecrate their lives to the service of the needy and the sinful. His works shall follow him; and I may venture to say, in answer to the earnest words which were spoken this morning, that it shall be to me a sacred and a glad duty to give such strength as I have to the fulfilment of the spirit of his many words and purposes. May I say that our responsibility has not ceased? The earnest appeals which he has made to many here to accept the Christian life and to put their hand to the Christian service are as strong and clear to-day as they were a fortnight ago, when his voice was actually heard in this building. Are we not justified in saying that it would be a joy to him to-day to know that some of the younger members of this congregation have given themselves in affection and in service to Christ, that others have made this the occasion of taking upon themselves new duties for humanity and for Christ in his Church, and that we all have given ourselves with new devotion to Him who is the Head of the Church, and whose minister Dr. Allon was proudest of all to be? In this sense also his works shall follow him.

It is upon my heart now to say something of my own knowledge of Dr. Allon and my deep affection for his memory. It was a great regret to me years ago, and is now a deeper regret, that I did not see my way clear to accept the offered honour of association with him here. Other claims seemed predominant; but when in December last I could say Yes, I looked forward very eagerly to the few years' ministry by his side as a great education and preparation as well as a great joy. To him also, I am now profoundly thankful to believe, it was a matter of pleasure. I may I

think venture to quote from his letter to me in response to mine accepting the call just one sentence: "We shall all receive you most heartily, and I shall now sing my Nunc Dimittis with faith and with hope. May God's real blessing justify our work." We did not think that so soon he would sing, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace"; but, brief as the period has been, it has deepened intensely my respect and affection for him. It was impossible to be thrown into such a relationship without discovering the depths of his sympathy and his largeness of heart. It will be an honour for me to cherish and strive by God's help to be worthy of—to hand down to my children—that I have been, even for so short a time, Dr. Allon's co-pastor, not in any official sense, but in the common bonds of that deep brotherliness which made the charm of his inner life. I can only ask for your prayers under this great burden of responsibility, and declare that—as God shall help me—I shall seek, though I can never take his place, to guard jealously the traditions and various ministries of the Church associated with his name. It is possible, as we were told this morning, without repeating always the form, to be perfectly loyal to the spirit.

Not three weeks ago, in one of those quiet talks in his study to which Dr. Dale referred to-day, and some of which I have been privileged to enjoy, Dr. Allon was telling me the story of his life. As I sat and listened to his telling of the many and wonderful changes which have taken place in that time, in ecclesiastical customs, in theological thought, in methods of service, I could not help wondering at the youthful, hopeful spirit which he had preserved through them all. His chief anxiety in reference to my work here was concerning the young people of the Church and neighbourhood. His sympathy with them never aged.

Young in heart and in thought, one could never feel that in talking to Dr. Allon one was speaking to an old man. Who that heard them will now forget his confident, inspiring words here only about a month ago, when he declared that though other men were alarmed at changes which were taking place in form and in thought, he thanked God that he had no such fears? To have known Dr. Allon is to have known one who to the end was young in spirit, hopeful and confident.

I ought, I think, to say that again and again he has spoken to me with the deepest gratitude of the unity and loyalty of this congregation and its officials. It was a constant joy to him to know that so many of the members of the Church were engaged in social and religious ministries. We are only now finding out how needful he was to us; perhaps you will never know how needful you were to him. It will, I am sure, be something of a solace and a gratification to read the dedication of the last volume of his sermons, the writing of which must have been one of his last acts: "To the Church and Congregation worshipping in Union Chapel, Islington, these memorials of a lengthened pastorate, sustained by their unfailing affection and co-operation, are gratefully inscribed." May God make us worthy of the memory of that ministry, and enable us to continue it in its own spirit of love and devotion!

I could say much more, but cannot trust myself. I have not tried to preach a sermon, but just to say what, at the moment, is on my heart to say. Let me in one last word do what I am sure he would wish me to do: urge the appeal which I have already made to the younger members of his congregation. Will not some of you make this the occasion of consecrating yourselves to Christ? There was a time when Dr. Allon had to stand—as you do now—at

the moment of choice between, on the one hand, a life of ambition and pleasure and evil, and, on the other, a life of service to Christ. Consider that moment of choice in the light of the finished and glorious ministry of which we think to-night, and make the choice which he made. So his God shall find for you also a place of service.

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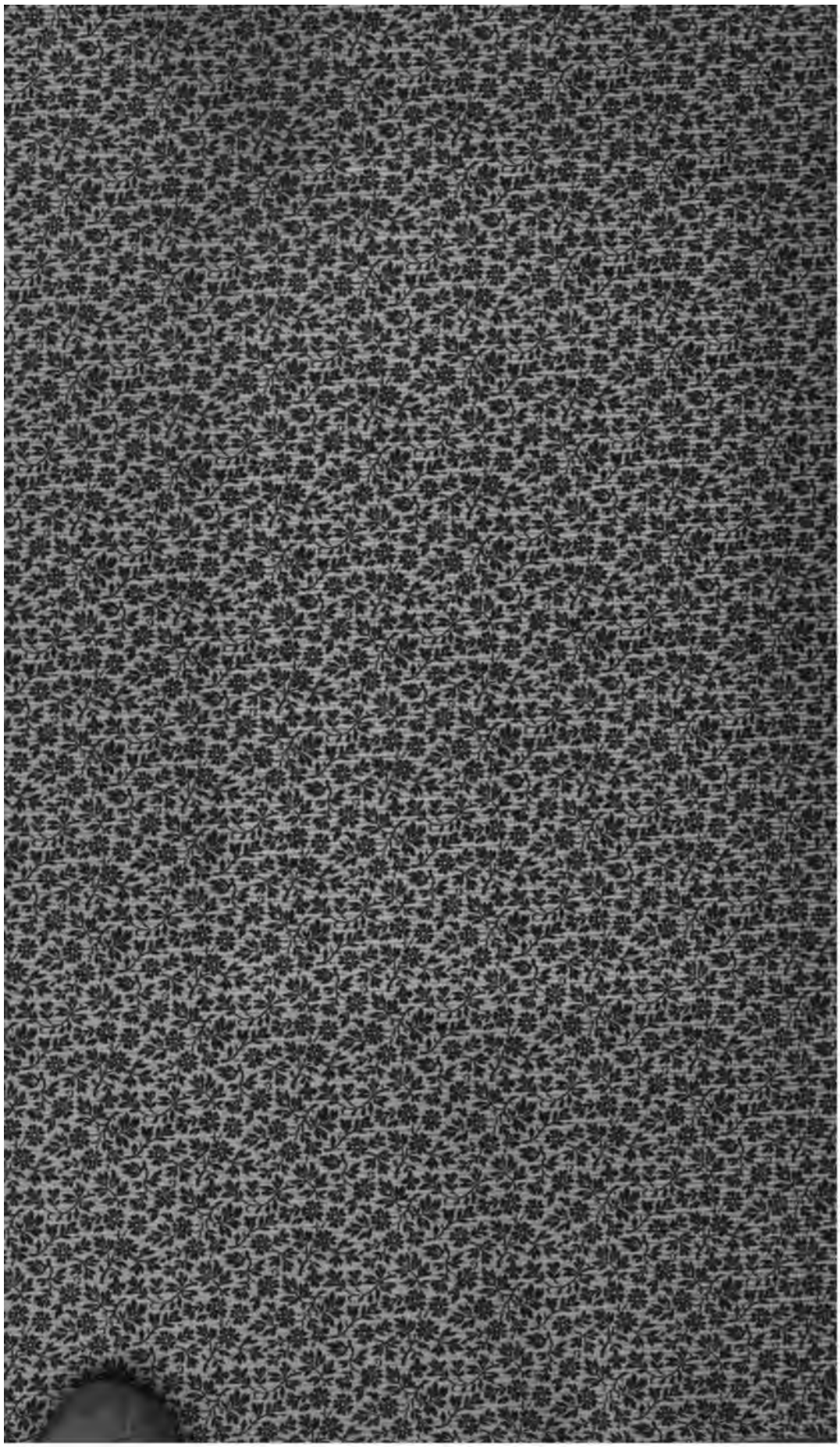
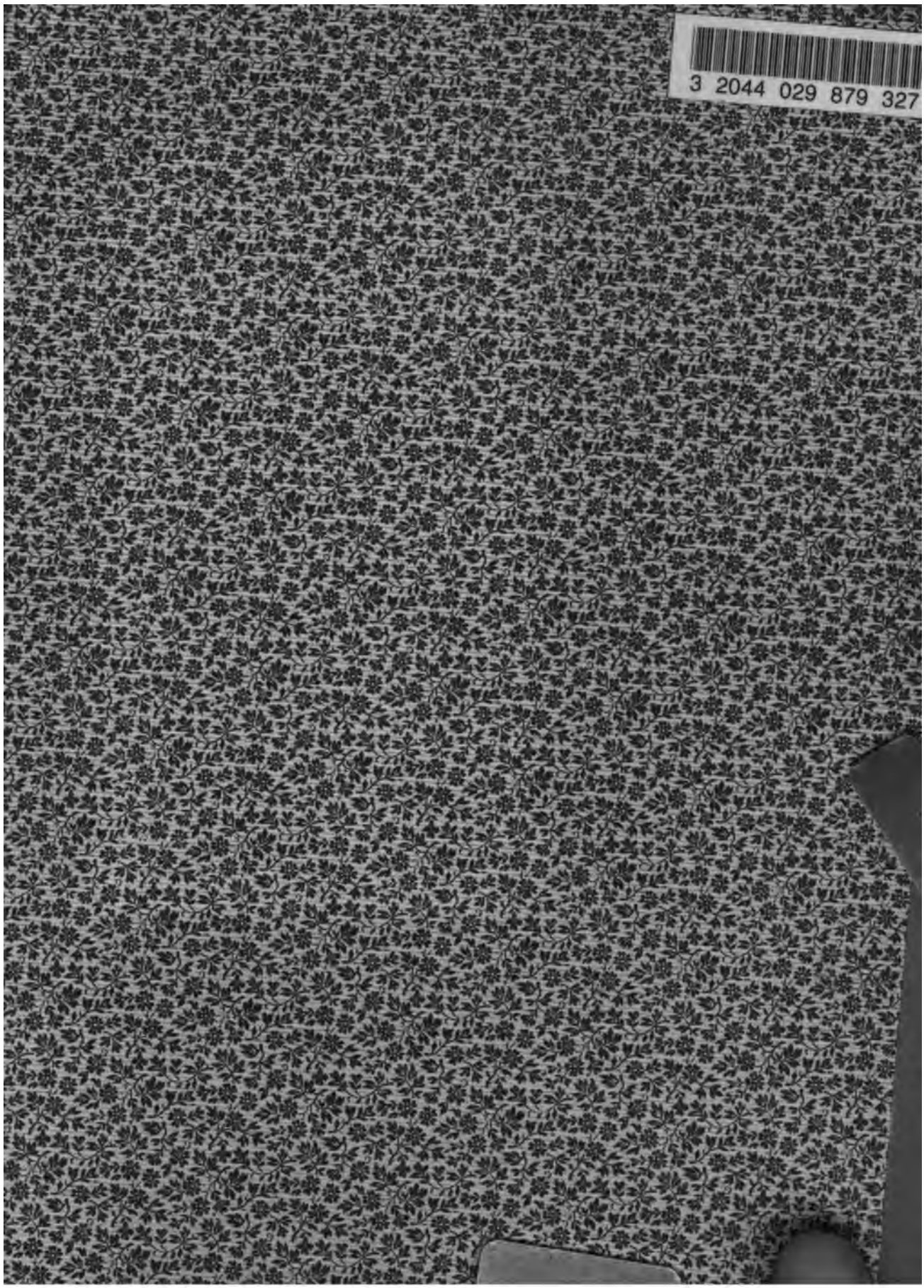
And from a very large number of friends, many of whom occupy a representative position.

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